THE

BOOK OF JOB AS POESY.

A DISSERTATION

PRESENTED TO THE PHILOSOPHICAL FACULTY

— OF —

THE UNIVERSITY OF LEIPSIC,

TO OBTAIN THE DEGREE

DOCTOR PHILOSOPHIAE.

BY

GEORGE H. GILBERT.

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RUTLAND:
THE TUTTLE CO., PRINTERS.
1886.

TO

PROFESSOR FRANZ DELITZSCH,

MY HONORED INSTRUCTOR AND ESTEEMED FRIEND,

THIS TRANSLATION

IS RESPECTFULLY AND GRATEFULLY

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PREFACE.

—:o:—

It has pleased God to send His word to us by way of human minds and hearts, permitting the lights and shadows of earthly experience to mingle with the radiance from His throne. His truth has never been published on earth save in an earthly garb. Even as Christ, the supreme and absolute Word of the Father, took upon Him the seed of Abraham and tabernacled in flesh, looking out upon life and death and immortality through human eyes, so the word from heaven in olden times had its earthly side, its tabernacle of flesh. It is indeed the word of God, but it is none the less truly the word of man. We honor the Lord by recognizing this fact, by accepting the methods of His tuition, and we also make a larger helpfulness and enjoyment of His word possible. The Bible has resources adapted to exert a beneficent influence which are only thus reached. For it not only contains a revelation of Divine truth and grace which infinitely transcends the best dreams of the classic world, but it is also the treasure-house of a poetry whose literary excellence ought to share the highest honors with Homer, with Sophocles and Sappho, and the bards of later ages. The following treatise would contribute somewhat to the attainme t of this end, while, at the same time, aiming, especially in the translation, to make the spiritual lessons of the poem more effectual. It would call more careful attention to the surprising beauty of the human elements in this portion of the Bible, not fearful that, by so doing, the Divine teaching would receive less honor and become less dear, but convinced that such attention would in the main lead to a more appreciative estimate of the heavenly message. It detracts not at all from the beauty of the rainbow to remember that it did not come down out of the skies perfect and complete, but that only the wonderful light came down and found in our earthly atmosphere the lenses which could make

its hidden riches visible to our mortal eyes. It is still God's bow, and though it should be arched through the tears that we have shed.

In studying the Book of Job as Poesy, the first and most difficult duty was to render the poem into English, and to this part of our work we have given as careful study as possible during many months. The task of finding out the thought of the author could not be other than delightful, owing to the riches of the poem before us, and this task has been lightened much by the help of numerous students of Job—German, French and English—among whom we gladly acknowledge a special debt of gratitude to Profs. Delitzsch, Dillman, Godet, Cox and Davidson.

The text which we have translated is that edited by S. Baer, Leipsiæ, 1875. A critical study and reconstruction of the Massoretic Text, though confessedly necessary, was not possible for us at the inception of this work, and further it would hardly seem advisable to give the results of such examination together with their critical justification in a literary treatise like the present.

With regard to the *form* of the translation, we have the following observations to make: First, it is rhythmical. This is of course an indispensable characteristic of any version of a poem that aims at perfection. That the rhythmical books of the Bible must be rhythmically rendered in order to preserve as much as possible of the force and beauty of the original is a principle of such manifest correctness and validity that it needs no defence, though it has been almost always ignored by translators. Second, our translation aims to give an exact reproduction of the rhythmical movement of the original. The Hebrew lines generally have three tones,* the only exceptions being the two-toned and four-toned lines, fifty-nine of the former, in our judgment, and eighty-five of the latter, and a single short line with one tone, xiv. 4 c. The number of syllables belonging to the sphere of a single tone varies constantly, producing what, according to our canons, would be designated as a mingling of iambic, trochaic, dactylic and anapæstic feet, but the rhythm is

*On the measurement of Hebrew Poetry, see Prof. Briggs' "Biblical Study," Chap. IX.

undisturbed by this freedom. Our translation avails itself of the same liberty that is found in the original, which is in our opinion the only way to an acceptable rhythmical version of Hebrew poetry. Third, while not ready to deny a strophical organization of the poem, we are not prepared to advance any system, or to defend any already put forward. That set forth by Prof. Delitzsch in his commentary seems the most plausible.

The names of God have been transliterated or translated according to the requirements of the English line, a freedom which, in poetry at least, should need no justification.

In the specific treatment of the poetical conceptions of the Book of Job we were left largely to our own counsel. The work of Bishop Lowth (*De Sacra Hebræorum Poesi*, 1753) and that of Herder (*Der Geist der Hebræischen Poesie*, 1782–3) afforded some suggestions, and the latter work especially gave not a little stimulus and encouragement.

We have sought in these chapters to analyze the conceptions of nature, inorganic and organic, the conceptions of man and God, from their poetical side, and, further, by comparative study, to ascertain the standing of the Hebrew bard among those great poets of ancient and modern times who offered the most points of comparison.

The present publication is limited to the translation of the poem. We hope, however, to issue the entire dissertation at no distant day.

Dorset, Vt., Jan. 7, 1886.

A RHYTHMICAL TRANSLATION OF JOB.

THE PROLOGUE.

CHAPTERS I–II.

Chap. I.

There was a man in the land of Uz, by the name of Job, and that man was blameless and upright, and one who feared God and turned away from evil. Now there were born unto him seven sons and three daughters. And his substance was seven thousand sheep, and three thousand camels, and five hundred yoke of oxen, and five hundred she-asses, and very many servants. And this man was greater than all the sons of the East. Now his sons used to go and make a feast in the house of each one on his day, and they used to send and call their three sisters to eat and
5. to drink with them. And it came to pass, when the days of the feast had circled round, Job sent and sanctified them; and he arose early in the morning, and offered burnt-offerings according to the number of them all, for Job said, Perhaps my children have sinned, and have parted with God in their heart. Thus did Job continually. Now the day came when the sons of God came to present themselves before Jehovah, and the Adversary also came among them. And Jehovah said unto the Adversary, Whence comest thou? And the Adversary answered Jehovah and said, From going to and fro on the earth, and from walking about upon it. And Jehovah said unto the Adversary, Hast thou considered my servant Job? for there is none like him on the earth, a man blameless and upright, one who feareth God and turneth away from evil. Then the Adversary answered Jehovah and said, Doth Job fear

God for naught? Hast not Thou thyself set a hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath, on every side? Thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance has increased in the land. But put forth now Thy hand and touch all that he hath: verily, he will renounce Thee unto Thy face. And Jehovah said unto the Adversary, Behold, all that he hath is in thy power: only against him thou shalt not put forth thy hand. And the Adversary went out from the presence of Jehovah. Now the day came when his sons and his daughters were eating and were drinking wine in the house of their eldest brother. And a messenger came to Job and said, The oxen were ploughing, and the she-asses were feeding beside them, and the Sabæans made an attack and carried them away, and the young men they smote with the edge of the sword; and I escaped, only I alone, to tell thee. While this one was speaking, another came and said, The fire of God fell from heaven, and kindled upon the sheep and the young men, and consumed them; and I escaped, only I alone, to tell thee. While this one was speaking, another came and said, The Chaldæans made out three bands, and came against the camels, and carried them away, and the young men they smote with the edge of the sword; and I escaped, only I alone, to tell thee. While this one was speaking, another came and said, Thy sons and thy daughters were eating and were drinking wine in the house of their eldest brother; and, behold, a great wind came from beyond the desert, and smote the four corners of the house, and it fell upon the young people, and they died; and I escaped, only I alone, to tell thee. And Job rose up, and rent his garment, and shaved his head, then fell upon the ground and worshiped.

And he said:

Naked came I from my mother's womb,
And naked shall thither return:
Jehovah gave, and Jehovah hath taken;
The name of Jehovah be blessed!

In all this Job sinned not, neither ascribed folly to God.

Chap. II.

Now the day came when the sons of God came to present themselves before Jehovah, and the Adversary also came among them to present himself before Jehovah. And Jehovah said unto the Adversary, Whence comest thou? And the Adversary answered Jehovah and said, From going to and fro on the earth, and from walking about upon it. And Jehovah said unto the Adversary, Hast thou considered my servant Job? for there is none like him on the earth, a man blameless and upright, one who feareth God and turneth away from evil; and still he holdeth fast his integrity: so thou hast moved me against him, to destroy him, without cause. Then the Adversary answered Jehovah and said, Skin for skin, and all that a man hath will he
5. give for his life. But put forth now Thy hand, and touch his bone and his flesh: verily, unto Thy face will he renounce Thee. And Jehovah said unto the Adversary, Behold, he is in thy hand: only his life preserve.

Then the Adversary went forth from the presence of Jehovah, and smote Job with a grievous sore from the sole of his foot to his crown. And he took him a potsherd with which to scratch himself, sitting in the midst of the ashes. And his wife said unto him, Dost thou cling to thine integ-
10. rity still? Renounce God and die! Then he said unto her, As one of the foolish women speaketh, so dost thou speak. The good shall we receive from God, and the evil shall we not receive? In all this Job sinned not with his lips. Now the three friends of Job heard of all this evil that had come upon him, and they came each from his place—Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite, and they met together, as agreed, to come and lament for him and comfort him. And they lifted up their eyes afar off, and they recognized him not; then they lifted up their voice and wept. And each man rent his mantle, and they scattered dust upon their heads towards heaven. Then they sat down with him on the earth seven days and seven nights, no one speaking unto him a word, because they saw that the pain was very great.

JOB AND HIS THREE FRIENDS.

CHAPS. III--XXXI.

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JOB'S CURSE AND COMPLAINT.

——o——

Chap. III.

Afterward Job opened his mouth and cursed his day. And Job answered and said:

O perish the day in which I was born,
And the night that said, A man is conceived!
That day—O let it be darkness!
May Eloah not seek it from heaven,
And o'er it let brightness not shine!
Redeem it let darkness and gloom!
Let a cloud make its dwelling upon it!
Affright it the dark'nings of day!

That night—let obscurity seize it!
In the days of the year let it joy not,
Nor come into the number of months!
Behold, that night—be it barren!
A joy-cry enter it not!
Let curse it the cursers of day,
Those ready to stir up the dragon!
Be darkened the stars of its dawning,
Let it wait for the light, and there be none,
And dawn's eyelashes may it not see!
For it shut not the doors of the womb,
And hid not toil from my eyes.

Why could I not die from the womb,
From the womb come forth to expire?
Wherefore did the knees come to meet me,

And why the breasts, that I sucked?
For now I had lain undisturbed,
I had slept; then should I have rest—
With kings and with councillors high,
Who built for themselves mausoleums;
Or with princes possessed of gold,
Who filled up their houses with silver;
As a still-birth, hid, I'd not be,
As babes who have not seen the light.
The wicked have ceased there from troubling,
And there are the weary at rest.
Together in peace are the captives,
They hear not a taskmaster's voice.
There small and great are the same,
And the servant is free from his lord.

Wherefore gives He light to the weary,
And life to the bitter of soul?—
Who hope for death, but there is none,
Who dig for it more than for treasures;
Who joy with joy exceeding,
Who exult when they find a grave;—
To a man whose pathway is hid,
Whom Eloah hath hedged round about.
For instead of my bread my sigh doth come,
And my roarings are poured out like waters.
If I sorely fear, it befalls me,
And that which I dread comes upon me.
I have not peace, or quiet, or rest,
Yet trouble comes.

THE FIRST ROUND OF THE DISCUSSION.

CHAPS. IV–XIV.

—:o:—

ELIPHAZ.

—o—

Chaps. IV–V.

And Eliphaz the Temanite answered and said:

Should one venture a word unto thee, wouldst thou fret?
But to hold back his words who is able?
Lo, many hast thou corrected,
And feeble hands hast made strong;
Him who staggered thy words did restore,
Thou confirmedst the tottering knees:
But now unto *thee* it doth come, and thou frettest,
It reaches to thee, and thou'rt frightened.

Is not thy true fear thy reliance,
And thy hope, thine innocent ways?
Think now, what just one has perished,
And where were the upright cut off?
As I see, the plowers of falsehood
And sowers of mischief—they reap it.
By the breath of Eloah they perish,
By the wind of His anger they vanish.
Lion's cry and the voice of the roarer,
And the young lions' teeth are broken.
The strong one dies without prey,
And the whelps of the lioness scatter.

Now a word came stealing upon me,
And my ear caught the murmur thereof
In thoughts from the visions of night,
When falleth on men heavy sleep.

Fear fell upon me and terror,
And caused all my bones to shake.
15. And a wind goes floating before me ;
The hair of my flesh riseth up.
It stands, but I know not its shape,
A form is before my eyes,
A whisper and voice I hear:
"Can a mortal be juster than God,
Or a man than his Maker more pure!—
Behold, in His servants He trusts not,
And chargeth His angels with error:
Much more the clay-house dwellers,
Who have their foundation in dust,
Who are crushed for a moth.
20. From morning till eve they are shattered,
Unnoticed they perish forever.
When their tent-cord within them is loosed,
They die, do they not ? in unwisdom."

Chap. V.

Call now, is there any to hear thee?
And to which holy one wilt thou turn?
Nay, anger slayeth a fool,
And a simple one passion doth kill.
I myself saw a fool taking root,
And straightway I cursed his abode.
His sons are far distant from help,
And are crushed in the gate, while none saves.
5. Whose harvest the hungry doth eat,
And plucketh it e'en from the thorns,
And a noose doth seize on their wealth.
For sorrow comes not from the dust,
Nor doth trouble spring out of the ground.
Nay, man unto trouble is born,
As the children of flame fly aloft.

Yet I would seek unto El,
And bring my cause unto God,—
Who doeth great things, and past searching,
Miraculous deeds without number;

Who dispenseth rain on the earth,
And water sends over the fields,
To set the lowly on high,
And mourners are lifted to freedom;
Who frustrates the thoughts of the crafty,
That their hands can achieve nothing real;
Who captures the wise by their craft,
And the plan of the cunning is routed.
By day they light upon darkness,
And at midday they grope as at night.
So He saves from their sword-like mouth,
And the poor from the hand of the strong.
So hope doth arise for the weak,
And iniquity shutteth its mouth.

Lo, happy the man whom Eloah corrects,
And th' Almighty's reproof do not scorn.
For when He wounds, He binds up,
He hurts, and His hands do heal.
In six distresses He'll save thee,
And in seven shall touch thee no evil.
In famine He saves thee from death,
And in war from the might of the sword.
At the scourge of the tongue thou shalt hide,
Shalt not fear when oppression comes.
Thou shalt laugh at destruction and hunger,
And the beast of the field, fear thou not.
For with stones of the field is thy league,
And with thee the wild beast is at peace.
And thou'lt know that 'tis well with thy tent,
Shalt thy dwelling inspect, nor miss aught;
And shalt know that great is thy seed,
And thine offspring as grass of the earth.
Thou shalt come to the grave in strength,
As a sheaf goeth up in its time.
Lo, this we have searched: thus it is.
Observe it, and know for thyself.

JOB.

—o—

Chaps. VI–VII.

And Job answered and said:

O that fully weighed were my plaint,
And my woe too held up in the scales!
For now it would weigh down the sand of the seas:
Therefore did my words speak rashly.

For th' Almighty's arrows are in me,
Whose poison my spirit doth drink;
God's terrors are ordered against me.
Doth a wild ass bray over grass?
Or loweth an ox o'er his fodder?
Can one eat what is stale, not salted?
Is there taste in the white of an egg?
My soul refuseth to touch them,
As the taint of my food are they.

O that my request might come,
And Eloah my hope would grant!—
That Eloah would will to crush me,
Loose His hand, and so cut me off!
Then should my solace still be—
And I'd joy in pain that He spares not—
That I hid not the Holy One's words.

What's my strength, that I should hope,
What my end, that I should be calm?
My strength—is it strength of stones,
Or is the flesh on me brass?
Or am I not utterly helpless,
And is not true strength thrust from me?
Love is due the oppressed from his friend,
Though the fear of th' Almighty he leaves.

As a brook are my brethren deceitful,
As the bed of vanishing brooks;
Which fail by reason of ice,
While the snow hides itself upon them.

When they are troubled they vanish;
Is it hot, they dry up from their place.
The caravans alter their course,
They ascend in the desert, and perish.
The bands out of Tema beheld,
The trav'lers of Sheba longed for them.
They blushed because they confided,
They came there, and shame was upon them.
For now ye are like unto it:
Ye see something frightful, and fear.
Is it that I have said, Give me aught,
And out of your wealth make me gifts?
Or rescue me out of distress,
And save me from tyrant's hand?
Instruct me, and I will be silent,
Wherein I have erred make me know.

How pleasant are straightforward words!
Yet what doth your proving prove?
Mere words do ye seek to refute?
But a crazy man's words are the wind's.
Ye would even cast lots o'er an orphan,
And bargain over your friend.
But now be pleased to look on me,
And, indeed, I'd not lie to your face.
Turn now, let there not be a wrong;
Yea, turn, my right's in it still.
Is iniquity under my tongue,
Or can not my palate tell evil?

Chap. VII.

Has not mortal a warfare on earth,
And his days—are they not as a hireling's?
As a servant who longs for the shadow,
And a hireling who waits for his pay:
So I have received months of ill,
Sad nights have been counted to me.
As I lay me to rest, then I say,
When rise I? but eve groweth long,
And till dawn I am full of tossings.

My flesh is clothéd with worms and earth-clods,
My skin groweth hard, and then breaks.
My days fly more swift than a shuttle,
And they vanish away without hope.

Reflect that my life is a breath,
Not again shall my eye behold good.
Eye that sees me shall see me no more,
Thine eyes are on me, but I am not.

As a cloud melts away and is gone,
So who goes to Sheól shall not rise,
He shall not come again to his house,
And his place shall know him no more.
I also will not hold my peace,
I will speak in my spirit's distress,
Will lament in my anguish of soul.
A sea am I, am I a whale
That a watch Thou shouldst set over me?
When I say that my couch shall console me,
My bed shall ease my complaint:
Then with dreams Thou dost frighten me sore,
And with visions dost make me afraid.
And so my soul prefers strangling,—
Death before my bones!
I loathe it! I would not live alway:
Cease from me, for vain are my days.

What is man that Thou makest him great,
And settest thy heart upon him?
That thou seekest him morning by morning,
From moment to moment dost prove him?
How long wilt Thou not look from me,
Not desist till I swallow my spittle?
Have I sinned, what do I to Thee,
Observer of men!
Why hast Thou set me for Thine onset,
That a burden I am to myself?
Why wilt Thou not pardon my trespass,
And cause my sin to pass by?
For now I lie down in the dust,
And seekest Thou me, I'll not be.

BILDAD.

—o—

CHAP. VIII.

And Bildad the Shuhite answered and said:

How long wilt thou utter these things,
And thy words be a violent wind?
As for God—perverteth He judgment,
And th' Almighty pervert what is right?
If thy children against Him transgressed,
He gave them o'er to their sin.

If thou dost seek unto God,
And to th' Almighty dost pray,
If clean and upright thou art:
Yea, then will He rouse up o'er thee,
And thy righteous dwelling restore.
Thy former state shall be small,
And thy latter become very great.

For ask now of past generations,
And seek out their fathers' deep things,
For of yesterday we, and we know not,
Since our days are a shadow on earth.
Will not they instruct thee, speak to thee,
And out of their heart bring forth words?

Can a rush grow save in a marsh,
Can a flag without water spring up?
'Tis yet fresh, it can not be plucked,
But it withers before any plant.
Such the paths of all who leave God,
And the wicked man's hope shall die—
He whose trust is a fragile thing,
And a spider's house is his hope.
He leans on his house, and it stands not,
He grasps it, it doth not endure.
He is full of sap in the sunshine,
And his shoots o'er his garden come forth;
Round a mound are his roots interlaced,
Between the stones he crowds through.

If He blots him out from his place,
It denies him, "I never have seen thee."
Lo, that is the joy of his path,
And others spring forth from the dust.

Lo, God contemns not the perfect,
And grasps not the hand of the wicked.
He will yet fill thy mouth with laughter,
And thy lips with the sound of joy.
With shame shall thy haters be clothed,
And the tent of the wicked shall perish.

—:o:—

JOB.

—o—

Chap. IX–X.

And Job answered and said:

I know of a truth it is so:
How can mortal be righteous with God?
Should he wish to contend with Him,
He could answ'r Him not one of a thousand.
Wise of heart and strong in might—
Who has dared Him, and yet remained whole?
Who the mountains removes, and they know not,
Because in His wrath He o'erturned them;
Who shaketh the earth from its place,
And its pillars do reel to and fro;
Who speaks to the sun, and it shines not,
And setteth a seal on the stars;
Who spreads out the heavens alone,
And walks o'er the heights of the sea;
Who maketh the Bear, Orion,
The Cluster and Chambers of Teman;
Who doeth great things beyond searching,
And wonderful deeds without number.

Lo, He passeth before me, I see not,
And glides by, but I do not observe him.

Lo, He seizeth, and who can restrain Him?
Who say to Him, What doest Thou?
Eloah restrains not His wrath:
Beneath him have bowed Rahab's helpers.
Much less could I make Him an answer,
Could choose out my words with Him—
I who could not reply, had I right,
I should have to pray to my Judge.
Had I called and He made me an answer,
I'd not trust that my voice He had heard,
He who bruiseth me sore with a tempest,
And adds to my wounds without cause.
He suffers me not to take breath,
But sates me with bitternesses.
If the strength of the mighty (decides), "Behold!"
Or if judgment, "Who summoneth me?"
Were I righteous, my mouth would condemn me,
Were I blameless, would prove me perverse.

I am blameless!—care not for my soul!
I abhor my life!
'Tis all one, and so I declare it:
He destroys both the blameless and wicked.
If a scourge doth suddenly slay,
The despair of the guiltless He mocks.
Given up is the land to the wicked,
The face of its judges He veils:
If not, who then is it?

And my days are swifter than couriers,
They flee, they see nothing good.
They glide by as boats of bulrushes,
As an eagle swoops down on its prey.
If I say, I'll forget my complaint,
Will relax my face and look glad:
Then I shudder at all of my pains,
I know that Thou wilt not acquit me.
I must be bad!
Why wear myself out then in vain?
If I should wash me with snow,
And with potash my hands should make clean:

Then into the pit Thou wouldst dip me,
So that my clothes would abhor me.
For He is not man like myself,
That I might reply unto Him,—
That we might come together in judgment.
Between us there standeth no judge,
To lay his hands on us both.
O let Him take from me His rod,
And His dread—let it not cause me fear:
Then I'll speak, and will not be afraid,
For I am not thus with myself.

Chap. X.

My soul is sick of my life,
I will loosen within me my plaint,
I will speak in my anguish of soul,—
Say to God, O do not condemn me!
Let me know why Thou strivest with me.
Is't becoming in Thee to oppress,
To scorn the fine work of Thy hands,
And shine on the counsel of sinners?
Eyes of flesh hast Thou?
As the seeing of man dost Thou see?
As the days of frail man are thy days,
Or Thy years as the days of a man?
For Thou seekest my wickedness out,
And thou searchest after my sin.
Though Thou knowest that I am not guilty,
And none from Thy hand can release.

Thy hands did fashion and form me
All round, and thou blottest me out!
Call to mind that as clay Thou didst form me,
And Thou bringest me back to the dust!
Didst Thou not pour me forth as milk,
And cause me to thicken like curd?
Thou didst clothe me with skin and with flesh,
With bones and with sinews didst hedge me;
Life and mercy Thou gavest to me,
And Thy care has guarded my breath:
Yet this Thou didst hide in Thy heart,
I know that this was in Thy mind.

If I sinned, then Thy watch was upon me,
And Thou didst not acquit me of wrong.
If I wickedly dealt, woe was me!
Were I just, I could not lift my head—
Full of shame and seeing my grief.
If it rose, Thou didst lion-like hunt me,
And dealt with me strangely again.
Thou renewedst Thy witnesses 'gainst me,
And increasedst Thine anger at me—
Fresh troops and an army against me.

And why brought'st Thou me from the womb?
I ought to have died, and unseen;
As had I not been I should be,
From the womb to the grave borne away.

Are not my days few? Let Him cease,
Turn away that I cheer up a little,
Ere I go—and I shall not return—
To a land of darkness and gloom,
To a land of blackness like midnight,
(A land) of gloom and disorder,
Where it shineth like midnight.

——:o:——

ZOPHAR.

Chap. XI.

And Zophar the Naamathite answered and said:

Should a myriad of words go unanswered,
And a man of mere talk be held just?
Thy boastings—they bring men to silence,
And so thou dost mock unrebuked.
And thou sayest, My doctrine is pure,
And clean have I been in Thine eyes.
And yet, O that Eloah would speak,
And would open His lips with me,
And would tell thee the deep things of wisdom,
That twofold in counsel they are,
And know that God drops for thee part of thy sin.

Canst thou find out the depth of Eloah,
Or fathom th' Almighty's perfection?
Heights of heaven—what canst thou do!
Than Sheól it is deeper—what know!
Its measure is longer than earth,
And broader is it than the sea.
When He glideth by and arrests,
And summons to judgment, who stays Him?
For men of mischief He knows,
And badness He easily sees.
So a hollow head might grow wise,
And a wild ass's foal become man.

If thou dost make ready thy heart,
And spread out thy palms unto Him—
Is there sin in thy hand, cast it hence,
Nor let wickedness dwell in thy tents—
Yea, then shalt thou lift up thy face without stain,
Shalt be steadfast, nor have any fear.
For trouble shalt thou forget,—
Shalt remember as waters that pass;
And life shall rise brighter than midday,
Is there gloom, it shall be as the morning.
And thou shalt trust, for there's hope,
Thou shalt spy round, shalt lie down secure.
Thou shalt rest with none making afraid,
And many thy face shall caress.
But the eyes of the wicked languish,
And refuge has ceased for them;
Their hope is to breathe out the soul.

——:o:——

JOB.

Chaps. XII–XIV.

And Job answered and said:

Of a truth, now, ye are the people,
And wisdom will perish with you.
Even I have a mind, as you have;
Not second am I unto you:
But who does not know things like these?

A jest for his friend—that am I!
One who called upon God and was heard—
The righteous, the upright a jest!
Ill has scorn in the lucky man's thought,
It is ready for tottering feet.

In peace are the robbers' tents,
And provokers of God have rest,
He who takes in his hand Eloah.
But ask now the beasts, and they shall instruct thee,
And the fowl of the heaven, and they shall thee tell,
Or speak to the earth, and it shall instruct thee,
And relate it to thee shall the fish of the sea.
Who knows not in all of these things
That the might of Jehovah hath done this?—
In whose hand is the breath of all creatures,
And the spirit of all human flesh.

The ear—should it not try words,
As the palate tasteth its food?
Among aged men there is wisdom,
And with length of days understanding.
With Him is wisdom and might,
To Him belong counsel and prudence.
Behold, He pulls down, and it is not built up,
He locks up a man, and the door is not opened.
Lo, He shuts in the waters, and they are dried up,
Sends them forth, they destroy the earth.

With Him is strength and true wisdom,
Deceived and deceiver are His,—
Who leads away councillors barefoot,
And judges He rendereth fools.
The fetter of kings He doth loose,
And bindeth a belt round their loins,—
Who leads away priests without shoes,
And causeth the ancient to fall,—
Who takes away speech from the trusty,
And depriveth the elders of judgment,—
Who poureth out scorn upon princes,
And looseth the belt of the strong,—
Who uncovers the depths out of darkness,

And bringeth thick gloom unto light,—
Who exalteth the nations, and smites them,
Who enlargeth the nations, and bans them,—
Who disheartens the leaders of earth,
Makes them stray in a pathless waste.
They grope in the gloom without light,
He lets them stray like a drunkard.

Chap. XIII.

Behold, mine eye hath seen all,
Mine ear hath heard, and hath marked it.
As you know, I also do know,
Not second am I unto you.
Yet I to th' Almighty would speak,
And would like to reason with God.
But ye are devisers of falsehood,
Menders with lies are ye all.
O would you but keep utter silence,
And that should serve you as wisdom.

I pray you, hear my reproof,
And heed the rebukes of my lips.
Will ye speak what is bad for God's sake,
And for Him will ye utter deceit?
Will ye lift up His face,
Will ye plead for God?
Is it good He should search you through,
Or as one mocks a man mock ye Him?
Right sharply will He rebuke you,
If secretly ye are partial.
Will not His majesty fright you,
And upon you His terror descend?

Your maxims are proverbs of ashes,
Your defences, defences of clay.
Give me silence, that I may speak,
And let come upon me what may.

Why bear I my flesh in my teeth,
And take my life in my hand?
Behold, He will slay me, I hope not,
But my ways I will prove to His face.

This too is deliv'rance for me
That a wicked one comes not before Him.

O hearken well to my word,
And be my defence in your ears.
Lo, now I have ordered the suit,
I know I shall stand justified.
Who is he that can argue with me?
For now I would hush and expire.

20. But two things do not unto me,
Then will I not hide from Thy face:
Thy hand from upon me remove,
And let not Thy dread cause me fear.
Then call Thou, and I will reply,
Or I'll speak, and answer Thou me.

My crimes and my sins are how many?
Make me know my transgression and sin.
Wherefore dost Thou cover Thy face,
And why dost Thou count me Thy foe?
25. The wind-tossed leaf wilt Thou scare,
And chase the dry stubble away?
For Thou writest against me harsh things,
Mak'st me heir of the sins of my youth.
And Thou puttest my feet in the stocks,
And dost carefully watch all my ways;
Mak'st a line round the soles of my feet,—
I who fail like a worm-eaten thing,
As a garment that moths have consumed.

Chap. XIV.

The man of woman born—
Short lived and full of unrest!
He comes forth as a flower, and is withered,
Like a shadow he fleeth, and stays not.
E'en on this Thou hast opened Thine eyes,
And brought me to judgment with Thee!
O came a clean one from unclean!
Not one!
5. If a limit is set to his days,
His number of moons known to Thee,—

His bounds Thou hast set that he pass not,—
Turn away from him that he rest,
Till he joy in his day as a hireling.

For there is hope for the tree,
If felled, it still can sprout forth,
And its tender shoot doth not fail.
Though its root should grow old in the earth,
And its stump should die in the dust;
At the scent of water it sprouteth,
And bringeth forth shoots like a plant.
But a man doth die, and is prostrate;
When a mortal expires, where is he?
The waters do fail from the sea,
And a stream groweth utterly dry:
So a man lieth down, not to rise;
Till the skies be no more, they awake not,
And are roused not up from their sleep.

O that in Sheól Thou wouldst hide me,
Conceal me till past be Thy wrath,
Wouldest set me a bound and recall me!
If man die, shall he live again?
All the days of my warfare I'd wait,
Until my release should come.
Thou wouldst call, and to Thee I'd reply,
For the work of Thy hands Thou wouldst yearn.

But now Thou countest my steps,—
Dost Thou not spy out my sin?
My transgression is sealed in a bag,
And Thou fastenest up my sin.
But a mountain that falleth is shattered,
And a rock is removed from its place;
The waters do wear away stones,
Its floods sweep the earth's dust away:
And the hope of frail man Thou destroyest.
Thou subdu'st him for aye, and he goes;
His face marring Thou castest him forth.
If his sons come to honor, he knows not,
And regards them not if despised.
His flesh only on him is pained,
And his soul within him doth weep.

THE SECOND ROUND OF THE DISCUSSION.

CHAPS. XV–XXI.

ELIPHAZ.

CHAP. XV.

And Eliphaz the Temanite answered and said:

Should a wise man reply with vain knowledge,
And with winds from the east fill his breast?—
Striving with words unavailing,
And with speeches by which he serves naught.

Thou art even destroying fear,
And diminishing prayer before God.
For thy wickedness teacheth thy mouth,
And thou choosest the tongue of the subtle.
Thy mouth, not I, condemns thee,
And against thee bear witness thy lips.

As the first of men wast thou born,
And before the hills wast brought forth?
In the council of God dist thou listen,
And wisdom withdraw to thyself?
What knowest thou, and we know not,
What markest that is not with us?
With us are the hoary and aged,
Exceeding thy father in days.
Too little for thee are God's comforts,
And a word gently spoken with thee?
Wherefore does thy heart bear thee on,
And why roll thine eyes to and fro?
That thou turnest thy spirit 'gainst God,
And mere words bringest forth from thy mouth.

What is mortal, that he should be clean,—
That the woman-born one should be just?
15. Behold, in His pure ones He trusts not,
And the heavens are not clean in His eyes:
Much less is the vile and corrupt,
A man who drinks mischief like water.

I will teach thee; heed me,
And what I have seen I will tell—
That which wise men have declared
From their fathers, and have not hid.
To them was the land wholly given,
And there passed not among them a stranger.

20. The wicked man is in pain all his days,
And the sum of the years reserved for the tyrant.
A terrible sound in his ears—
In peace comes the robber upon him.
He expects no return from the darkness,
And chosen is he for the sword.
He roams for his bread, "Ah where!"
He knows that near by stands the day of gloom.
Distress and anxiety fright him,
It vanquishes him like a lance-trained king.

25. For he stretched out his hand against God,
Was defiant against the Almighty.
He ran with the neck against Him—
With the bosses thick of his shields.
For he covered his face with his fat,
And fatness he put on the loin.
And he dwelt in cities laid waste,
In houses where men should not live,
Which in ruins were destined to lie.
He shall store not, his wealth shall not stand,
Nor their substance bend down to the ground.
30. He doth not escape from the darkness;
A flame doth wither his branch,
He departs by the breath of His mouth.

Let him trust not in wrong, he's deceived,
For wrong shall be his exchange.

It is finished, or e'er his day comes,
And his curving branch is not green.
He shakes off as the vine his sour grapes,
And casts as the olive his bloom.
For the clan of the godless is barren,
And fire eats up the tents of corruption.
They mischief conceive, and bear sin,
And deceit they devise in their breast.

——:o:——

JOB.

Chaps. XVI–XVII.

And Job answered and said:

Many things like these I have heard;
Ye all are wretched consolers.
Have windy discourses an end?
Or what excites thee to answer?
I also could speak as you do,
If your soul were in place of my own—
Could put words together against you,
And over you shake my head.
I could give you help with my mouth,
And my lips' compassion would soothe you.

Will I speak, my pain is not soothed,
If I cease, in what am I eased?
But now He hath wearied me sore,
Thou hast wasted all of my house;
And hast seized me—it was for witness—
And against me my leanness arose,
To my face it bears witness.
His anger tore and He fought me,
He gnashed upon me His teeth,
My foe whets His eyes against me.
They opened against me their mouths,
My cheeks they shamefully smote,
They fill up their ranks against me.
God doth give me over to fools,
And hurls me to hand of the wicked.

Secure was I, and He crushed me;
He seized on my neck, then He brake me,
And He set me up for His mark.
His archers encompass me round,
He cleaveth my loins and spares not,
He poureth my gall on the ground.
He breaks me with breach upon breach,
He runs like a warrior upon me.

Sackcloth I sewed o'er my skin,
And defiled my horn in the dust.
My face hotly glows from my weeping,
On my eyelashes lieth deep shade:
Though wrong there is not in my palms,
And my supplication is pure.
O earth, do not cover my blood,
And be there no place for my cry!

E'en now, behold, in heaven my witness,
In the heights my affiant!
My friends are my mockers,
To Eloah my eye doth weep,
To decide for a man by Eloah,
For the son of man 'gainst his friend.
For very few years will come,
And a way I shall go once for all.

Chap. XVII.

My spirit is broken,
My days are extinct,
The graveyard is mine.
Of a truth, there are mockings around me,
And mine eye on their quarrel must dwell!

Give a pledge, be my bail with Thyself!
Who is he that will strike hands with me?
For their heart Thou hast hidden from knowledge;
Therefore Thou wilt not lift them up.
One informs against friends for a portion,
While the eyes of his own children fail.

And I'm made a byword for all,
And a thing of contempt I must be.
So my eye from sorrow grows dim,
And my limbs are all like a shadow.
Astonished at this are the upright,
And the pure is aroused 'gainst the godless.
Yet a righteous man holds on his way,
And one of clean hands addeth strength.
But now, come ye all again, I pray,
I shall find not a wise man among you.

My days are passed,
My plans cut off—
The wealth of my heart.
The night they explain as day:
Light is nearer than manifest darkness.
If I hope for Sheól as my house,
Have spread in the darkness my couch,
Have called to the grave, Thou'rt my father!
My mother! my sister! to worms:
Then where, O where is my hope?
Yea, my hope, who shall ever behold it?
To the bars of Sheól they go down,
When at once there is rest on the dust.

——:o:——

BILDAD.

Chap. XVIII.

And Bildad the Shuhite answered and said:

How long will ye lay the snares for words?
Consider, and then we will speak.
Wherefore are we held as a beast,
Accounted unclean in your eyes?
One who teareth himself in his wrath—
Shall the earth be laid waste for thy sake,
And a rock be removed from its place?

Yet the light of the wicked expires,
And the flame of his fire doth not shine.
The light in his tent has grown dark,
And his lamp above him expires.
The steps of his strength are straightened,
And his own advice casts him down.
For his own feet do ensnare him,
And he walketh over the toils.
A gin layeth hold on his heel,
A noose doth fasten upon him.
Concealed on the ground is its cord,
And its net is hid on his path.
Fears make him afraid round about,
And scare him away, pursuing.
Hungry becometh his trouble,
And calamity waits at his side.
There eateth the limbs of his frame—
Eats his members the first-born of death.
He is dragged from his tent, his trust;
To the king of terrors must march.
There abides in his tent what he owns not,
O'er his dwelling-place brimstone is sown.
Beneath, his roots are dried up,
And his branch is withered above.
His memory fades from the earth,
And nameless is he o'er the plain.
They drive him from light into darkness,
And thrust him out of the world.
Not a sprout has he, nor shoot in his tribe,
And there's no escaped one in his tents.
The West is amazed at his day,
And shuddering seizes the East.
Yea, these are the homes of the wicked,
And this is the godless man's place.

JOB.

CHAP. XIX.

And Job answered and said:

How long will ye weary my soul,
And crush me down with words?
Already ten times ye revile me,
Unblushingly ye deride me.
Yet, verily, if I have erred,
With me shall my error abide.

If indeed ye will boast against me,
And will prove against me my shame:
Then know that Eloah hath wronged me,
And me in His net hath enclosed.
Lo, I cry out, Oppression! but am not heard,
Call for help, but right there is none.
My way He hath hedged that I pass not,
And darkness He puts on my paths.
My glory from me He hath stripped,
And put off the crown from my head.
He destroys me all round, and I go,
And He tears up my hope like a tree.
And He kindles against me His wrath,
Esteems me for Him as His foes.
Together His troops come on,
And cast up against me their way,
And encamp round about my tent.

He has put my brothers far from me,
And my friends are but foreign to me.
My kinsmen have ceased,
And forgotten me they whom I knew.
They who lodge in my house, and my maids,
Esteem me as foreign,
A stranger am I in their eyes.
I call to my servant unanswered,
With my mouth I must pray unto him.
My breath to my wife is offensive,
And my sigh to the sons of my flesh.
Even young children despise me;

Do I rise, then against me they speak.
All my intimate friends abhor me,
And those I have loved turn against me.
To my skin and my flesh my bone doth cleave,
I escape with the skin of my teeth.

Pity me, pity me, ye my friends!
For the hand of Eloah hath touched me.
O why pursue me like God,
And be not filled with my flesh?

O now that my words were writ down,
O were they inscribed in the book!
With an iron pen and with lead
Forever engraved in the rock!

But I know my Redeemer doth live,
And later shall rise o'er the dust.
Then after my skin, thus beat off,
And free from my flesh I'll see God,
Whom I for myself shall see,
And mine eyes behold, and no stranger.—
My reins pine with longing within me.

If ye say, How can we pursue him,
As the root of the thing is found in me:
Then be ye afraid of the sword,
For a fire are sins of the sword,
That ye may know there's a judgement.

——:o:——

ZOPHAR.

Chap. XX.

And Zophar the Naamathite answered and said:
Therefore do my thoughts give me answer,
And for this is the impulse within me.
Reproof to my shame I must hear!
But the mind answers me from my insight.

Know'st thou this which is from everlasting,
From the placing of man on the earth,
That the joy of the wicked is brief,
And swift the delight of the godless?

Though his greatness should mount up to heaven,
And his head should attain to the clouds:
Like his dung he shall perish forever,
Who see him shall say, Where is he?
Like a dream he flies off and is found not.
Scared away as a vision of night.
Eye beheld him, but shall not again,
And his place shall see him no more.

His sons must appease the poor,
And his hands must give back his wealth.
His bones were full of his youth,—
Now it rests with him in the dust.

If evil is sweet in his mouth,
If he hides it under his tongue,
If he spares it and lets it not loose:
His bread in his bowels is changed,
The poison of adders is in him.
Wealth he gorged, and then spued it out,
From his belly God casteth it forth.
The adder's poison he sucks,
The tongue of the viper doth kill him.
Let him see not the brooks,
The streams, the rivers of honey and cream.
Restoring the gain, unswallowed,
As the wealth of his barter he joys not.

For he crushed, he deserted the poor,
Seized a house, but he buildeth it not.
Since he knew no rest in his greed,
With his dearest he shall not escape.
There is naught has evaded his hunger,
So his welfare shall not remain firm.
While his riches are full, he is straightened;
Every sufferer's hand comes upon him.

It shall happen, to fill up his maw,
He will send His hot anger against him,
And rain down upon him His food.
He flees from the armor of iron,
A brazen bow doth pierce him.
He pulls, it goes forth from his back,
And the glittering steel from his gall,
Upon him are terrors.

All gloom is reserved for his treasures,
A fire not blown eats him up,
Destroys what is left in his tent.
The heavens uncover his sin,
And earth rises up against him.
Disappear shall the wealth of his house,
Washed away in the day of His wrath.
This the wicked man's portion from God,
And his dower appointed by El.

——:o:——

JOB.

——o——

Chap. XXI.

And Job answered and said:

O hear with attention my speech,
And let this be your consolation.
Permit me, and I will speak,
And when I have spoken, mock on.
As for me, does my plaint concern man?
Or why should I not be impatient?
Turn hither to me and wonder,
And lay the hand on the mouth.
At the mere recollection I shudder,
And terror doth seize on my flesh.

Wherefore do wicked men live,
Grow old, yea, wax mighty in power?
Their seed is established with them in their sight,
And their offspring before their eyes.

Their homes are secure from fear,
And the rod of Eloah 's not on them.
His bull unfailingly genders,
His cow calves, and doth not miscarry.
They send forth their young as a flock,
And their children leap wildly for joy.
They shout to the drum and the cithern,
And rejoice at the organ's sound.
They spend their days in good,
And go down in a wink to Sheól.
Yet they say unto God, Turn from us!
And, We wish not to know of Thy paths.
What is Shaddai that Him we should serve?
What's our profit in praying to Him?
Lo, their fortune is not in their hand;
Far from me be the thought of the wicked!

How oft fails the lamp of the wicked,
And their misery comes upon them,
The lots He assigns in His wrath?
(How often) are they as straw in the wind,
And as chaff that the storm sweeps away?
"Eloah reserveth His pain for his sons:"
Requite him may He that he know it!
Let his own eyes behold his destruction,
Of th' Almighty's wrath let him drink!
For what recks he his house after him,
When cut off is his number of months?

Doth any teach God understanding,
Who judgeth the heavenly ones?
One dies in the fullness of vigor,
Quite tranquil and free from care.
His sinews are full of fatness,
And his marrow 's refreshed in his bones.
And another dies bitter of soul,
And hath not tasted of good.
Together they lie in the dust,
And the worms do cover them both.

Behold, I perceive your thoughts,
And the plans with which ye would wrong me.

If ye say, Where's the tyrant's house,
And where is the tent where the wicked dwell?
Of travelers have ye not asked?
And their signs ye can not despise,
30. That the wicked is spared in the day of woe,
Led away in the day of great wrath.
Who declares to his face his way?
And that which he does who requites him?
And he to the graveyard is borne,
And keepeth watch on a mound.
Sweet to him are the clods of the vale,
And after him goes all the world,
As before him a numberless host.
Then how would ye vainly console me,
Since your answers—malice remains?

THE THIRD ROUND OF THE DISCUSSION.

CHAPS. XXII–XXVIII.

—:o:—

ELIPHAZ.

—o—

Chap. XXII.

And Eliphaz the Temanite answered and said:

Can a man be of profit to God?
Nay, a wise one will profit himself.
Doth th' Almighty win aught when thou 'rt just,
Or get gain when thou livest uprightly?
Because of thy fear doth He chide thee,
Doth He come into judgment with thee?

Is not thy wickedness great,
And are not thy sins without end ?
For thou pledgedst thy brother for naught,
And didst strip off the clothes of the needy.
Thou gavest the thirsty no water,
And didst hold back thy bread from the hungry.
But the mighty—to him was the land,
And the eminent one dwelt therein.
Thou hast sent away widows with naught,
And the arms of the orphans were broken.
And so spread about thee are nets,
And fear on a sudden confounds thee.
Or dost thou not see the darkness,
And a water-flood cov'ring thee up ?

Is not God as high as the heavens ?
See the head of the stars—how high !
And thou sayest, What knoweth God ?
Can He execute right through the gloom ?
Clouds are His veil, that He see not,
And He walks in the heavenly vault.

Wilt thou keep the pathway of old,
Which men of wickedness trod
Who were snatched untimely away,
Their ground was poured forth in a stream ?
Who said unto God, Turn from us !
And, what could th' Almighty do for them ?
Yet He filled up their houses with good—
"Far from me be the thought of the wicked !"
The righteous behold, and are glad,
And the innocent laughs them to scorn :
"Of a truth, our foe is cut off,
And their wealth has a fire devoured."

O deal friendly with Him, and have peace :
By this shall good come upon thee.
Take now from His mouth instruction,
And lay up His words in thy heart.
If thou turn unto th' Almighty,
Thou shalt be built up again,

If thou put from thy tent perverseness.
And put in the dust thine ore,
And Ophir mid stones of the brook :
Th' Almighty shall then be thine ore,
And glittering silver for thee.

For in Shaddai shalt thou then delight,
And shalt lift up thy face unto God.
When thou prayest to Him, He will hear thee,
And thou shalt fulfil thy vows.
When thou plannest a thing, it succeeds,
And over thy paths shineth light.
When they sink, thou wilt say, Be lift up !
And the lowly of eyes He will save.
He will save one not guiltless,
And thy cleanness of hands shall save.

——:o:——

JOB.

——o——

Chaps. XXIII–XXIV.

And Job answered and said :
E'en to-day my complaint is defiant,
Though my hand lieth hard on my sigh.
O that I knew where to find Him,
Could come even unto His place !
I would order before Him the suit,
And my mouth with defences would fill.
I would know the words of His answer,
Would perceive what He'd say unto me.
Will He strive in great power with me ?
Nay, He will rather regard me.
Then a just man would reason with Him,
And for aye from my Judge I'd escape.

Lo, eastward I go, He's not there,
And westward, I do not observe Him ;
To the north, when He works, I discern not,

He hides in the south, and I see not.
He knoweth the way with me;
Should He try me, as gold I'd come forth.

My foot has cleaved fast to His step,
His way I have kept without turning,
The command of His lips, and swerved not.
More than my own resolution
I laid up the words of His mouth.

Yet He is the same; and who stays Him?
If His soul has wished aught, then He does it.
For He will perform my decree;
And like these there are many things with Him.
Therefore I am frighted at Him;
I reflect, and before Him I fear.
Now God hath softened my heart,
And th' Almighty hath made me afraid.
For I am not hushed 'fore the darkness,
Nor before myself gloom-concealed.

——o——

Chap. XXIV.

Wherefore are not times by th' Almighty reserved,
And why see not His friends His days?
Men move away bounds,
They seize on a flock, and feed it.
They drive off the ass of the orphans,
They pledge the ox of the widow.
They thrust the poor from the road,
All concealed are the meek of the land.

Lo, wild asses in the waste, they go forth
In their labor of seeking for prey.
The steppe yields him bread for the young,
In the field they cut each his fodder,
And the wicked man's vineyard they glean.
Naked they lodge, without garment,
And no covering have in the cold.
They drip with the rain of the mountains,
And shelterless cling to a rock.

Men tear from the breast an orphan,
And they pledge what the needy has on.
Naked they go, without garment,
And famishing take up the sheaves.
Between their walls they make oil,
They tread in the wine fats, and thirst.

From the city the dying cry out,
And the soul of the pierced pleads for help,
But Eloah regards not the folly.
These belong to the haters of light,
They have not regarded its ways,
And have not dwelt in its paths.

At light the murderer riseth.
He killeth the wretched and poor,
And at night he becomes like a thief.
The adulterer's eye waits for dusk,
He thinketh, No eye shall behold me,
And he putteth a mask on his face.

In the darkness men break into houses,
By day they shut themselves up.
They are not acquainted with light,
For morn is thick gloom to them all,
Since man knoweth the terrors of blackness.

He is swift on the face of the waters, [say you,]
Accursed is his portion on earth,
He shall turn not the way of the vineyards.
Drought, also heat the snow-waters consume,
Shcól who have sinned.
The womb forgets him,
The worm feeds on him,
Remembered is he no more—
And broken is sin like a tree—
He who robbed the barren that bare not,
And did to the widow no good.—
Yet the mighty by might He preserveth,
He stands up, not believing in life.
He calms him, and he is sustained,
And His eyes are upon their ways.

They are high a moment, then gone ;
They sink, they perish like all,
And they fade as the top of the stalk.
If not, who will give me the lie,
And bring to nothing my words.

—o—

BILDAD.

Chap. XXV.

And Bildad the Shuhite answered and said :
Dominion and fear are with Him,
Who maketh peace in His heights.
Is there of His troops any number,
And o'er whom doth not His light rise ?
How can man be just before God,
How the woman-born one be pure ?
5. Lo, even the moon shines not brightly,
And the stars are not clean in His eyes.
Much less is frail man—a crawler !
And the son of man—a worm !

—o—

JOB.

Chaps. XXVI–XXVIII.

And Job answered and said :
How hast thou strengthenéd weakness,
Supported the powerless arm ?
How hast thou counseled unwisdom,
And knowledge in fulness made known ?
To whom hast thou made known words,
And whose breath has gone out from thee ?

5. The shades suffer pain
Beneath the sea and its dwellers.
Sheól is naked before Him,
And no covering hath the abyss.
He spreads out the north o'er the waste,
Suspendeth the earth over chaos.

In His thick clouds He shuts up the waters,
Yet a cloud is not broken beneath them.
He encloseth the front of the throne,
He spreadeth upon it His cloud.
A circle He drew on the waters
To the last ray of light near the darkness.
The pillars of heaven do quake
And shudder at His rebuke.
In His might He exciteth the sea,
By His knowledge He shattereth Rahab.
By His breath are the heavens made bright,
His hand the flying dragon hath pierced.
Lo, these are the ends of His ways.
But what a mere murmur we hear,
And the roar of His great strength who knows ?

——o——

Chap. XXVII.

And Job continued his sententious discourse and said:

As God lives, who deprives me of right,
And th' Almighty, who vexes my soul—
For all of my life is still in me,
And Eloah's breath in my nostril—
My lips do not speak perverseness,
And my tongue doth not utter deceit.
Far be it from me to justify you !
Till I die I will not let my innocence go !
I cleave to my right, nor loose it.
My heart chides no one of my days.

My foe shall become as the wicked,
And my enemy as the perverse.
For what hope has the bad, when cuts off,
When draws out Eloah his soul ?
His cry for help doth God hear,
When cometh upon him distress ?
Will he in th' Almighty delight,
Will he call upon God at all times ?

I will teach you as touching God's hand,
I'll not hide what is with th' Almighty.
Behold, ye have all of you seen,
And why are ye utterly vain ?
This is the wicked man's lot before God,
And the portion that tyrants get from the Almighty.
If his sons increase, they 're the sword's,
And his seed are not sated with bread.
His remnant are buried by death,
And as for his widows—they weep not.
Though he heapeth up silver as dust,
And raiment prepareth as clay:
He prepares, but the righteous doth wear it,
And his silver the innocent shares.
He has built as a moth his house,
As a booth that a watchman hath made.
He lieth down rich, but not twice,
He has opened his eyes, and is gone.
Terrors o'ertake him like waters,
A storm bears him off in the night.
East wind lifts him up, and he goes,
And it sweeps him away from his place.
And He hurls upon him unsparing,
From His hand he would utterly flee.
Men clap their hands at him,
And hiss him forth from his place.

——o——

Chap. XXVIII.

For there is a vein for the silver,
And a place for the gold, which they fine.
From the dust is iron obtained,
And a stone is fused into brass.
Man has bounded the darkness,
And to all completeness he searcheth
The stone of gloom and thick darkness.

Man hath broken a shaft away from the dweller,
Those who by the foot were forgotten ;
They hung far from mortals, they swung.

The earth—out of it cometh bread,
But its depth is o'erturned as with fire;
The sapphire's place is its stones,
And in it are nuggets of gold.—
A path which the hawk hath not known,
And the vulture's eye hath not spied;
The sons of might have not trod it,
There has passed not upon it a lion.

On the flint man has put forth his hand,
He has wholly subverted the mountains.
Canals he hath cut in the rocks,
And his eye has seen everything precious.
He has bound fast the rills from trickling,
And so bringeth to light what is hid.

But wisdom—from whence is it found,
And where now is insight's abode?
Its value frail man has not known,
'Tis not found in the land of the living.
The deep said, In me it is not,
And the sea said, It is not with me.
Fine gold is not given in its stead,
Nor is silver paid out as its price.
It is weighed not for Ophir's pure gold,
For the onyx of price and the sapphire.
Gold and glass are not equal to it,
Nor are vessels of gold its exchange.
Unthought of are corals and crystal,
To have wisdom is better than pearls.
Not like it the topaz of Cush,
It is not weighed out for fine gold.

Yea, wisdom—from whence doth it come,
And where now is insight's abode?
It is veiled from the eyes of all living,
And hid from the fowl of the sky.
Destruction and death have said,
With our ears we have heard of its fame.

God has observed its way,
And He hath known its abode.

For He—to the ends of the earth He beholds,
Beneath the whole heaven He sees,
To make a weight for the wind,
While the water He fixes by measure.
When He made for the rain a decree,
And a path for the bolts of the thunder;
Then He saw it, and published it forth,
Set it up, and fathomed it also.
And he said unto man:
Lo, the fear of the Lord—that is wisdom,
And turning from evil is insight.

JOB'S LAST WORDS.

CHAPS. XXIX--XXXI.

CHAP. XXIX.

And Job continued his sententious discourse and said:

Had I (months) like the months of the past,
Like the days when Eloah watched o'er me!
When His lamp still shone on my head,
By His light I walked in the darkness:—
As I was in the days of my prime,
When God's counsel was over my tent,
While yet th' Almighty was with me,
Around me my children;
When my steps were bathing in cream,
And the rock pouring rivers of oil at my side.
When I went tow'rd the gate to the city,
In the market erected my seat:
The young men beheld me, and hid,
And the old men arose, they stood.
The princes were chary of words,
And the palm they laid on their mouth.
The voice of noble ones ceased,
And their tongue clave fast to their throat.

Whene'er the ear heard, then it blessed me,
And the eye, when it saw, bare me witness.
For I rescued the poor, crying out,
The orphan, and him who was helpless.
The wretched one's blessing came on me,
And I gladdened the heart of the widow.
I put on justness; it clothed me:
My right was as mantle and turban.
Eyes I was to the blind,
And feet to the lame was I.
A father was I to the poor,
And a suit which I knew not, that searched I.
I shattered the jaws of the sinner,
And plucked out the prey from his teeth.

And I said, With my nest I shall die,
And shall multiply days like the phœnix.
To the waters my root will lie bare,
And dew pass the night on my branch.
My glory still fresh will be with me,
And my bow will grow young in my hand.

Men listened to me, and waited,
And they heard my counsel in silence.
They replied not after my word,
And on them dropped gently my speech.
And they waited for me as for rain,
And their mouth for the harvest-rain opened.
I gave them a smile when despondent,
And they made not my cheerful face sad.
I sought their way, and sat as chief,
And I throned as a king in the troops,
As one who comforteth mourners.

—o—

Chap. XXX.

But now they do laugh me to scorn
Who are younger in days than myself,
Whose fathers I should have abhorred
To set with the dogs of my flock.

And the strength of their hands, what to me,
Since for them robustness has perished?
By want and hunger made lean,
Who fly to the waste,
To the darkness of desert and waste;
Who pluck at the bushes salt-purslain,
And the broom-plant's root is their bread.

They are driven from men,
They are shouted at as a thief.
They must dwell in the gorges most dreadful,
In holes of the earth and of rocks.
In the midst of bushes they groan,
Beneath the sharp thorn they are huddled,
Fools' sons, yea, sons without name,
They are scourged away out of the land.

And now their ditty am I,
And I am a by-word for them!
They scorn me, far from me they stand,
And spare not my face the spittle.
For my cord He hath loosed and debased me,
So they cast off before me the bridle.
On my right hand the brood riseth up;
They have cast at my feet,
And have thrown up against me their ruinous ways.
They demolished my path,
They help on my fall—
Themselves being helpless.
As through a wide fissure they come,
They roll themselves on with a crash.
Against me terrors are turned.
My honor they chase as the wind,
And my help has gone by like a cloud.

And now within me my soul is poured out,
Sad days seize on me.
Night pierces my bones that they fall from me,
And my sinews do not obtain rest.
By great might is my garment disfigured,
Like the neck of my tunic it clasps me.
In the mire He has cast me,
And like dust and ashes am I.

I cry unto Thee unanswered,
I stand, and Thou lookest upon me.
Thou 'rt changed toward me to a tyrant,
With strong hand Thou dost persecute me.
Thou dost mount me on wind, mak'st me ride,
And dost let me dissolve into storm.
For I know Thou wilt bring me to death,
And the house for all living appointed.
Yet, when falling, man throws out the hand?
In his ruin, because of it, cries out?

Or have I not wept for th' oppressed,
Has not my soul grieved for the poor?
When I waited for good, evil came;
When I looked for the light, came the gloom.
My bowels do boil without ceasing,
Days of affliction befall me.
A mourner I roam without sun,
I rise in th' assembly, I cry out,
A brother am I unto jackals,
And a friend to the daughters of wailing.
My skin groweth black, and falls off,
And my bones do burn from the heat.
So my cithern is turned into weeping,
And my pipe to the voice of mourners.

—o—

Chap. XXXI.

A league I have formed for my eyes,
And how should I look on a maid?
And what is God's portion from heaven,
Th' Almighty's lot from the heights?
Is not woe for the wicked,
And ruin for doers of evil?
My ways doth not He behold,
And doth He not count all my steps?

If I with falsehood have walked,
And my foot hasted after deceit—
Let Him weigh me in righteous scales,
That Eloah my virtue may know!—

If my step turned aside from the way,
And my heart followed after my eyes,
And a blemish did cleave in my palm :
Let me sow, and another one eat,
And my shoots—let them be rooted up.

If my heart was befooled for a woman,
And I lurked at the door of my friend :
Then let my wife grind for another,
And above her let others bow down.
For that is a shame,
And that is a crime for the judges.
For, a fire, it eats to the pit,
And in all of my wealth 't would work ruin.

If I scorned my servant's right
And my maid's in their trouble with me:
Then what should I do in case God should arise,
And should He examine, how answer I Him?
Did not He who made me in the womb make him,
And us did not One in the bosom create?

If the wish of the poor I refused,
And the eyes of the widow let fail,
And ate up my morsel alone,
While an orphan partook not of it—
From my youth he revered me as father,
From my mother's womb I led her;
If I saw one dying without a garment,
And no covering for the poor—
In truth, his loins have blessed me,
From the fleece of my lambs he was warmed.
If I shook o'er an orphan my hand,
When I saw in the gate my support:
Let my shoulder-blade drop from its neck,
And my arm be wrenched from its bone.
For a terror to me is God's bane,
And before His highness I'm weak.

If gold I have made my support,
And to fine gold have said, O my trust!
If I joyed that my wealth was great,
And my hand had acquired much goods;

If I saw the light when it shone,
And the moon in majesty moving;
If my heart became foolish in secret,
And my hand did cleave to my mouth:
This too were a crime for the judges,
For to God above I had lied.

If I joyed in the hurt of my hater,
Sprang up when calamity found him—
30. But I gave not my mouth to sin
By asking his soul with a curse;
If the men of my tent have not said,
Who can show one not filled from his food?
A stranger lodged not in the street,
I opened my doors to the way;
If I hid as a man my transgression,
That my guilt I concealed in my breast,
Because I feared the great throng,
And the scorn of the clans made me shake,
That I hushed, went not out at the door—

35. O had I some one to hear me!
Lo, my mark! Answer me the Almighty!
And (had I) the book my opponent has writ!
Of a truth, on my back I would bear it,
I would bind it on me, a dear crown.
I would tell him the sum of my steps,
As a prince I would come near to him.

If against me my acre cried out,
And together its furrows did weep;
If I ate up its strength without pay,
And blew out the life of its lord:
Then for wheat let the thorns spring forth,
And instead of the barley rank weeds.

THE WORDS OF JOB ARE ENDED.

ELIHU.

CHAPTERS XXXII--XXXVII.

—o—

INTRODUCTION OF ELIHU.

—o—

CHAP. XXXII, 1–5.

And so these three men stopped answering Job, because he was righteous in his own eyes. And the anger of Elihu was kindled, the son of Barachel the Buzite, of the family of Ram. Against Job was his anger kindled, because he had justified himself rather than God; and against his three friends was his anger kindled, because they had not found an answer and condemned Job. And Elihu had waited for Job with words, because they were older than he in days And when Elihu saw that there was no answer in the mouth of the three men, then his anger was kindled.

—:o:—

ELIHU.

—o—

CHAP. XXXII, 6–22.

And Elihu the son of Barachel the Buzite answered and said :

6. Little am I in days,
And ye are old;
Hence fearful was I and afraid
To show my opinion to you.
I said to myself, days should speak,
And abundance of years make known wisdom.

Yet it is the spirit in man
And th' Almighty's breath that instructs them.
Not the great in days are wise,
Nor are elders acquainted with judgment.
10. So I say, O listen to me,
I will make known my thought, even I.

Behold, for your words I waited,
For your sensible speech I gave ear,
Until ye should search out words;
And I gave careful heed to you;
But, lo, none confuteth Job,
Not one of you answers his words.
Say not ye, We have come upon wisdom!
God can put him to flight, not man!
Since he ordered against me no words,
I shall answer him not with your terms.

15. They are frightened, they answer no more,
Departed from them are words.
And am I to wait when they speak not,
When they stop, when they answer no more?
I will answer my part, even I;
Even I will make known my opinion,
Because I am full of words;
The spirit within me incites me.
Behold, my breast is like wine that's not vented,
It is ready to burst like new flasks.
20. I will speak that myself I may ease,
I will open my lips and reply.
Indeed I'll be partial to no man,
Nor to man speak flattering words.
For I do not know how to flatter;
In a trice would my Maker remove me.

——o——

Chap. XXXIII.

But prithee, O Job, my discourses hear,
And give ear unto all of my words.
Lo, now I have opened my mouth,
My tongue in my throat has spoken.
My words are the truth of my heart,
And the ken of my lips—distinctly they speak.
The spirit of God hath made me,
And th' Almighty's breath gives me life.
5. If thou hast the power, refute me:
Prepare, take thy stand before me.

Lo, I stand unto God as thou dost,
From the clay was I also cut off.
Lo, my fear shall not make thee afraid,
Nor my stroke be heavy upon thee.

But thou hast said in my ears,
And the sound of the words I perceived:
Clean am I without sin, I am guiltless,
And there is no iniquity in me.
Lo, He findeth out charges against me,
He esteems me a foe to Himself.
He putteth my feet in the stocks,
He watcheth all of my paths.

Lo, in this thou'rt not just, I reply (unto thee),
For Eloah is more than frail man.
Why hast thou contended with Him,
That He answers not all of man's (his) words?
But no, God doth speak at one time,
And twice, man observeth it not.
In a dream, a vision of night,
When falleth deep sleep upon men,
In slumberings deep on the couch:
Then doth He uncover men's ear,
And puts on their warning a seal,
To turn man away from the deed,
And pride to conceal from a man;
To hold back his soul from the pit,
And his life from a plunge on a spear.

And by pains on his couch he is chastened,
While the strife of his bones is unceasing.
And his life makes bread foul to him,
And his soul his favorite food.
His flesh disappeareth from sight,
And his wasted limbs are scarce seen.
And his soul draweth near to the pit,
And his life unto those who destroy.

If there be an angel for him—
Intercessor, one out of a thousand,
To declare his duty to man:

Then pities He him, and doth say,
Save him from descent to the pit,
I have found a ransom.

His flesh is made tender with youth,
He returns to his boyhood's days.
He prays unto God, He accepts him,
And he looks on His face with delight.
So He gives man his righteousness back.

He singeth to people and saith,
I had sinned and perverted the upright,
But it was not requited to me.
He rescued me from descent to the pit,
And my life doth feast upon light.

Behold, all of this will God do,
Twice, thrice with a man,
To bring back his soul from the pit,
Make it shine with the light of life.

Attend, O Job, give me heed;
Keep silence and I will speak.
But if there are words answer me,
Speak thou, for I wish thine acquittal.
If none, do thou listen to me:
Hush, and I will impart to thee wisdom.

——o——

Chap. XXXIV.

And Elihu answered and said:

O hearken, ye wise, to my words,
And give ear unto me, ye that know.
For the ear examineth words
As the palate tasteth in eating.
The right let us prove for ourselves,
Among us discern what is good.
For Job has said, I am guiltless,
And God has removed my right.
In spite of my right I must lie,
Full of pain is my wound without sin.

Who's a hero like Job,
Who drinketh derision as waters?
And he goes with sinners for partners,
And with wicked men he doth walk.
For he saith, It profits not man
When he stands on good terms with God.

Therefore, men of mind, hearken to me,
Far be it that God should be wicked,
Th' Almighty sinful!
For man's doing he pays back to him,
And after man's path lets him find.
Yea, truly, God doeth not mischief,
And th' Almighty perverteth not right.
Who entrusted to Him the earth,
And who hath fixed all the world?
Should He set His heart on Himself,
Should gather to Him His spirit and breath:
All flesh would expire together,
And man would go back to the dust.

And understand, hear thou this,
Give ear to the voice of my words.
E'en a hater of right—can he rule?
Or wilt thou condemn the most Righteous?
Who saith to a king, Worthless one!
O wicked one! unto princes;
Who accepts not the person of princes,
Nor preferreth the rich to the poor,
For His handiwork are they all.
In a moment they die, and at midnight
A people are stirred, and they vanish,
And the strong are deposed, without hand.

For His eyes are upon a man's ways,
And all of his steps He doth see.
No darkness is there, and no blackness
Where doers of evil can hide.
For He doth not regard a man still,
That he come unto God in the judgment.
He breaketh the mighty unsearched,
And others He sets in their stead.

25. So He recognizeth their doings,
And subverts at night, and they're crushed.

He punishes them as the wicked,
In the place of beholders,—
They who turned from Him to this end,
And did not regard all His ways,
To bring Him the plaint of the poor,
That He hear the cry of the lowly.
When He calms, who then can condemn?
When He covers His face, who behold Him?—
As well o'er a race as a man;
30. That impious men may not rule,
Nor snares of the people.

For has any one said unto God,
I atone without doing wrong;
Beside what I can see, do Thou teach me;
Have I sinned, I will do it no more?
To thy mind will He pay back thy mocking,
So that thou must choose, and not I?
Now what thou dost know, speak out.

Men of mind will say unto me,
And the wise man who listens to me,
35. Job talketh without understanding,
And his words are not with insight.
O would that Job might be tried to the utmost.
For his answers like those of the wicked!
For he adds to his sin transgression;
Among us he mocks,
And makes big his words unto God.

——o——

Chap. XXXV.

And Elihu answered and said:

Dost thou hold this for just that thou saidst,
My righteousness more is than God's?
That thou sayest, What profits it thee?
What avails it more than my sin?

I will make thee an answer with words,
And thy companions with thee.
Behold the heavens and look ;
And see the light clouds, they are higher than thou.
Dost thou sin, how affectest thou Him,
Grow thy faults, what dost thou unto Him ?
If righteous, what givest thou Him,
Or what doth He take from thy hand ?
For a man like thyself is thy sin,
And thy right for the son of a man.
For the many wrongs men cry out,
Call for help from the arm of the strong :
But one has not said, Where's Eloah, my Maker,
Who giveth glad songs in the night ?
Who instructs us more than earth's beasts,
Makes us wiser than fowl of the sky.
Then they cry, but He answereth not,
Because of the pride of the wicked.
Only vanity God doth not hear,
And th' Almighty considers it not ;—
Much less when thou sayest, thou seest Him not,
Before him is the cause, and thou waitest for it !
And now since his anger has not chastised,
So " He does not mark sin very well !"
But Job opens his mouth for naught,
And multiplies words without knowledge.

—o—

Chap. XXXVI.

And Elihu answered and said :

Wait a little for me, and I'll teach thee,
For still there are words for Eloah.
I will bring my knowledge from far,
And righteousness give to my Maker.
For surely my words are no lie,
One perfect in knowledge is with thee.

Lo, mighty is God, but not scornful,
Mighty in power of mind.
He preserves not the life of the wicked,
But the right of the poor he performs.

He withdraws not His eyes from the righteous,
And even with kings on the throne
He sets them for aye, and they 're high.
And when they are bound with chains,
Held fast in the bonds of affliction,
And He shows unto them their work,
And their sins, that great they are grown,
And He opens their ear to correction,
And bids them from evil return:
If they hear and render obedience,
They pass their days in good,
And their years in delight.
But if they hear not, then they run on a spear,
And breathe out their life without knowledge.
And the godless of heart cherish wrath,
They cry not for help when He binds them.
So their soul must die in youth,
And their life be as that of the lustful.
The patient He saves by his patience,
And opens their ear by oppression.

And enticed thee from trouble's mouth
Has a broad, confineless place,
And thy table's supply full of fat.
And thou'rt full of a wicked man's sentence,
Sentence and right cling fast.
For beware lest anger mislead thee by fullness,
And let not great ransom beguile thee.
Will He order thy cry without need,
And all the exertions of might?
Long not for the night,
That nations may rise in their place.
Take heed, turn not unto sin,
For this thou preferrest to pain.

Lo, God doth exalt by His might,
Who giveth instruction like Him?
Who prescribed unto Him His way,
And who said, Thou doest perverseness?
Take heed that His work thou exalt,
Which men have praised in song.

All men gaze fondly upon it,
The mortal beholds it from far.

Lo, God is high o'er our knowledge,
The sum of His years—there's no searching.
For He draws down the drops of water,
They trickle as rain for His mist.
With them the high clouds overflow,
They distil upon many a man.

Yea, knows man the unfoldings of clouds,
The great crash of His tent?
Lo, He spreadeth upon Him His light,
And He covers the roots of the sea.
For through them He judgeth the nations,
He giveth abundance of food.
He covers His palms o'er with light,
And commands it against the foe.
His thunder maketh Him known,
E'en the herd declares His advance.

——o——

Chap. XXXVII.

At this too my heart is afraid,
And it springs from its place.
O listen well to the crash of His voice,
And the rumble that goes from His mouth.
Beneath the whole heaven He sends it,
And His light to the ends of the earth.
Behind it roareth a voice,
Would He crash with voice majestic;
And He hinders them not should His voice be heard.
God crasheth amazingly with His voice,
He doeth great things past our knowledge.

For He saith to the snow, Fall earthward!
And the pouring rain,
The pouring rains of His might.
He seals up the hand of each man
That all men of His work may learn knowledge.
And the beast enters into the lair,
In its dwelling-place abides.

The hurricane comes from the chamber,
And from the scatterers cold.
By the breath of God there is ice,
And the breadth of the waters is straightened.

Yea, richly He loadeth His cloud,
Disperseth the cloud of His light;
And it turneth itself about by His steering
To do whate'er He commands it
On the face of th' inhabited earth,
If as a rod, when His earth needs that,
Or as mercy, He cause it to come.
Give ear unto this, O Job,
Stand up and carefully mark
The wonderful things of God.
Dost thou know when God gives them a message,
And the light of His cloud makes to shine?
Dost thou know of the poisings of clouds,
Great things of One perfect in knowledge?

O thou whose garments are warm
When the earth with the south wind is sultry,—
Dost thou stretch out with Him the clear sky,
As firm as a molten mirror?

Make us know what to say unto Him;
We can order no words for the darkness.
Shall one tell him that I would speak?
Has one said he would be swallowed up!

And now men behold not the light;
It is bright in the lofty clouds,
And a wind passing by sweeps them off.
Out of the north cometh gold—
O'er Eloah is terrible splendor.

The Almighty—we find Him not, lofty in strength,
But he humbles not judgment, nor fulness of right.
For this do men revere Him,
He heeds none wise in heart.

JEHOVAH'S DISCOURSE AND JOB'S ANSWERS.

CHAPS. XXXVIII–XLII, 6.

And Jehovah answered Job out of the whirlwind and said:

Who now is darkening counsel
By words that are void of knowledge?
Up! Gird thy loins like a man;
I will ask thee, and make me to know.

Where wast thou when I founded the earth?
Declare, if thou hast understanding.
Who has fixed its extent, that thou knowest,
Or who has stretched o'er it a line?
On what were its pedestals sunk,
Or the stone of its corner, who laid?
When the stars of the dawn sang together,
And shouted all children of God.

And who shut up the sea with doors,
When it burst through, came forth from the womb?
When I made a cloud its garment,
And darkness its swaddling bands;
And brake up against it my bound,
And appointed a bar and doors;
And said, Thus far may'st thou come, but no further,
And here be a bound for the pride of thy waves.

Hast thou ever commanded a morning?
Hast shown to a dawning its place,
To lay hold of the corners of earth,
That thence may be shaken the wicked?
It changes like signet-clay,
So that things appear as a garment.
And their light is withdrawn from the wicked,
And shattered the arrogant arm.

Hast thou gone to the springs of the sea,
And walked in the depth of the deep ?
Have death's gates been uncovered to thee,
And the gates of deep gloom canst thou see ?
Hast observed to the ends of the earth ?
Declare if thou knowest it all.

Which is the way to light's dwelling,
And the darkness—which is it's place ?
That unto its bound thou couldst bring it,
And perceivest the paths of its house.
Thou knowest, for then thou wast born,
And great is the sum of thy days !

Hast thou come to the storehouse of snow,
And the storehouse of hail canst thou see ?
Which I save for the time of distress,
For the day of encounter and war.

Which is the way thither where light is divided,
Where the east wind spreads out o'er the earth ?

Who cleaveth a course for the rain,
And a path for the bolt of the thunders ?
To give rain on a land without men,
On a desert in which no man lives,
To satisfy desert and waste,
And to make the meadow bloom forth.

Is there for the rain a father,
Or who doth beget the dew-drops ?
From whose womb doth the ice come forth,
And who bears the hoar-frost of the skies ?
Like a stone are the waters congealed,
And the face of the deep groweth firm.

Canst thou bind fast the Pleiades' bands,
Or loosen the cords of Orion ?
Bring forth at their time the Stations,
And the Bear with her young canst thou lead ?

Dost thou know the decrees of the sky,
Or canst fix its dominion on earth ?

Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds,
So that waters shall cover thee richly ?

The lightnings canst send, that they go
And say unto thee, Behold us !—

Who placed in the cloud-depths wisdom,
Or gave to the seen cloud insight ?
Who can count the thin clouds in wisdom,
And who pour out the flasks of the skies ?—
When the dust melteth into a mass,
And the clods cleave fast to each other.

Canst thou hunt for the lioness prey,
And the young lions' appetite sate ?—
When they crouch in their lurking-places,
When they lie in wait in the lair.

Who prepares for the raven his food,
When his young cry aloud unto God,
When they wander around without food ?

——:o:——

Chap. XXXIX.

Dost thou know when the rock-goats bring forth ?
The travail of hinds canst thou mark ?
Canst thou count the months they fulfil,
And the time when they bear dost thou know?
They crouch, let their young break forth,
Their pangs they cast off.
Their young become strong, they grow up in the field,
They go forth, and return not again.

Who has sent the wild ass away free,
And the bands of the fleet one hath loosed ?
To whose house I have made the waste place,
And the desert of salt his abode.
He doth laugh at the din of the town,
The noise of the driver he hears not.
The mountains' choice spots are his pasture,
And for every green thing he doth seek.

Is the wild ox willing to serve thee,
Will he pass the night at thy crib ?
Canst thou bind the wild ox to the ridge with his cord,
Or harrow the valleys behind thee will he ?
Dost thou trust him since great is his strength.
And committest thy labor to him ?
Dost thou trust him to gather thy seed,
And bring to thy floor ?

The wing of the ostrich waves gladly;
Is 't a gentle feather and pinion?
Nay, she leaveth her eggs to the earth,
And warmeth them on the dust;
She forgets that a foot may crush them,
May trample them beasts of the field.
She treats harshly her young, as not hers ;
Is her labor in vain, she cares not.
For wisdom God made her forget,
And gave her no dower in insight.
When she beateth her pinions on high,
She doth laugh at the horse and his rider.

Canst thou give to the charger strength ?
Canst thou mantle his neck with trembling ?
Canst thou cause him to leap as a locust ?
A dread in his neighing majestic.
He stamps in the valley, and joys in his might,
To meet the armed host he goes forth.
He laugheth at fear unamazed,
And turneth not back from the sword.
Upon him the quiver doth rattle,
The glittering lance and spear.
With stamping and anger he swallows the earth,
And stays not when soundeth the trumpet.
He saith when it soundeth, Aha !
And from far he scenteth the battle,
The princes' shout and the war-cry.

Doth the hawk spread his wings by thine insight,
His pinions stretch out for the south ?

Or soars, at thy bidding, the eagle,
And buildeth his eyrie on high ?
He dwells on the rock and doth lodge
On the crag of the rock and stronghold.
From thence he doth spy out food,
His eyes can behold from afar.
And his brood quaff blood,
And where carcasses are, there is he.

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Chap. XL.

And Jehovah answered Job and said :

Shall there strive with th' Almighty a chider ?
Answer that let Eloah's rebuker !

And Job answered Jehovah and said :

Behold, I am small ! What answer I Thee ?
My hand I do lay on my mouth.
I spake once, but begin not again ;
And twice, but I do it no more.

And Jehovah answered Job out of the whirlwind and said:

Up ! Gird thy loins like a man,
I will ask thee, and make me to know.
Wilt thou even destroy my right—
Condemn me, thyself to make just !
Or hast thou an arm such as God's,
With a voice like Him canst thou thunder ?
Put on now splendor and highness,
In glory and majesty clothe thee.
Pour out the floods of thy wrath;
See all that is proud, and abase it.
See all that is lofty, subdue it,
And the wicked tread down in their place.
In the dust together conceal them,
Their face do thou hide in the gloom :
And then I, even I, will praise thee,
Because thy right hand brings thee help.

See now behemóth that I made with thee,
He eateth grass like an ox.
Behold, in his loins is his strength,
In the cords of his belly his might.
He bendeth his tail like a cedar ;
Interlaced are the bands of his thighs.
His bones are bars of brass,
His bones like an iron rod.
The firstling is he of God's ways—
One made to apply his sword.
For mountains furnish him fodder,
While all beasts of the field play thereby.
Beneath the lotus he lies,
In seclusion of cane and swamp.
The lotus, his shade, decks him o'er,
The brook-willows encompass him round.
Lo, swelleth the stream, he's not frighted,
He is calm though a Jordan rush toward his mouth.
In his eyes let one take him !
Let one pierce through his nose with hooks !

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Chap. XLI.

Canst thou draw with a hook the leviathan,
And canst hold down his tongue with the cord ?
Canst thou put a ring in his nose,
And pierce through his cheek with a thorn ?
Will he multiply prayers unto thee,
Or speak to thee flattering words ?
Will he make a covenant with thee,
Wilt thou take him as servant for aye ?
Canst thou play with him as a bird,
And bind him canst thou for thy maids ?
Do the fishermen bargain for him,
Among the Phœnicians divide him ?
Canst thou fill with arrows his skin,
And with fish-harpoons his head ?
Put thou upon him thy hands !
Remember the strife ! repeat not !

Behold, his hope has deceived;
Is he not, e'en at sight of him, prostrate ?
None so bold that he rouseth him up,
And who then will stand before me ?
Who first gave me, that I must repay ?
Beneath the whole sky—it is mine !

I will not pass in silence his limbs,
The point of great strength and his beauty of frame.
Who has laid bare the front of his garment,
Through his teeth twofold who can come ?
Who has opened the doors of his face ?
Round about his teeth is dread !
A pride are the bars of the shields,
Locked up with a seal most firm.
They join one unto another
That no air between them can come.
They are fastened each one to its brother,
They cling closely and separate not.
His neezings do radiate light,
And like eyelids of dawn are his eyes.
From his mouth do torches proceed,
Sparks of fire fly out.
From his nostrils a smoke goeth forth,
As from seething kettle and reeds
His breath enkindleth coals,
And a flame from his mouth comes forth.
On his neck doth power abide,
And terror before him casts down.
The leaves of his flesh cleave together,
Molten upon him they move not.

His heart is firm as a stone,
And hard as the nether mill-stone.
Of his rising strong ones are afraid,
Through great fear they are senseless.
Doth one reach him with sword, it holds not—
Neither lance nor spear nor harpoon.
As stubble esteemeth he iron,
As wood that is rotten, brass.
A son of the bow scares him not,
Slingstones turn to stubble for him.

The bludgeons are valued as stubble,
And he laughs at the noise of the spear.
Beneath him are sharpest sherds,
He spreads out a flail on the slime.
He makes the deep boil as a pot,
The sea he makes as a brewing.
Behind him shineth a path,
One might think that the deep were gray hairs.
On earth there is not his equal—
One made without fear.
Whatever is high he beholds,
Over all sons of strength he is king.

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CHAP. XLII, 1–6.

And Job answered Jehovah and said:

I know Thou canst all things perform,
And no plan is for Thee too hard.
"Who now is darkening counsel unknowing?"
So I made known my thought and not wisely,
Things too lofty for me, and I knew not.
"O listen and I will speak,
I will ask thee and make me to know."
By hearsay had I heard of Thee,
But now mine eye beholds Thee.
Therefore I recant and repent
In dust and ashes.

THE EPILOGUE.

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CHAP. XLII, 7–17.

And it came to pass after Jehovah had spoken these words unto Job, that Jehovah said unto Eliphaz the Temanite, My anger is enkindled against thee and against thy two friends because ye have not spoken truly concerning me, as has my servant Job. And now take you seven bullocks and seven rams, and go unto my servant Job, and offer for yourselves a burnt-offering, and Job my servant shall pray for you; his face alone will I accept, that I may not bring upon you the dues of folly, for ye have not spoken truly concerning me as has my servant Job. And Eliphaz the Temanite and Bildad the Shuhite (and) Zophar the Naamathite went and did as Jehovah had said unto them, and Jehovah accepted the person of Job. And Jehovah restored the prosperity of Job, while he was praying for his friends. And Jehovah increased all that Job had possessed twofold. Then came to him all his brothers and all his sisters and all his former acquaintances, and they ate bread with him in his house, and they pitied him and comforted him, because of the evil which Jehovah had brought upon him. And each gave him a kesita, and each a golden ring. And Jehovah blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning. And he had fourteen thousand sheep, and six thousand camels, and a thousand yoke of oxen, and a thousand she-asses. And he had seven sons and three daughters. And he called the name of the first Jemima, and the name of the second Kezia, and the name of the third Keren-Happuch. And women were not found in all the land as beautiful as the daughters of Job; and their father gave them an inheritance among their brothers. Now Job lived after this one hundred and forty years, and he saw his sons and his sons' sons through four generations. And Job died old and full of days.

VITA.

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Ich, George Holley Gilbert, wurde am 4. Nov. 1854 als Sohn des Bauers O. C. Gilbert in Cavendish, im Staate Vermont, U. S. A., geboren. In Dorset, im selbigen Staate, wohin mein Vater gezogen war, wuchs ich auf mit sehr dürftigen Gelegenheiten zur Ausbildung. In meinem 17ten Jahr besuchte ich eine höhere Schule in Manchester, Vermont, und dann, nach einer nothwendigen Unterbrechung, vollendete ich in Meriden, New Hampshire, meine Vorbereitungsstudien, und wurde in 1874 in Dartmouth College aufgenommen, wolselbst ich das Examen [Bachelor of Arts] in 1878 bestand. Anderthalb Jahre darauf brachte ich in Deutschland, Frankreich, der Schweiz und England zu, hauptsächlich in dem Studium der Theologie, der deutschen und französischen Sprache. Von 1880 bis 1883 setzte ich meine theologischen Studien an dem Union Theol. Seminary in New York City fort, machte daselbst mein theologisches Examen, und wurde von der Facultät zum "Fellow" des Seminars gewählt.

Diese "Fellowship" gab mir die Mittel, meine Studien noch zwei Jahre fortsetzen zu können, und machte mir das zur Pflicht. Ich kam im Herbst 1883 nach Leipzig, und habe seitdem Arabisch bei dem Herrn Geheimrath Prof. Fleischer, alttestamentliche Exegese und Theologie bei dem Herrn Geheimrath Prof. Delitzsch und Assyrisch bei Herrn Prof. Friedrich Delitzsch studiert. Diesen Herrn Professoren, die meine wissenschaftliche Ausbildung befördert und meine Kentnisse bereichert haben, möchte ich bei dieser Gelegenheit herzlichen Dank sagen.